

THE REMARKABLE (S)
PROPHESIES

In Order to the (273)
PRESENT TIMES:

The One of
GILPINE GIRNIGO,

One of the Heritable Poets of the old *Thanes*
of *Gilliquimnee*:

The Other of
Sir TRISTRAM, Clerk of the
Kitchen to the Knights of King *Arthur's*
Round Table.

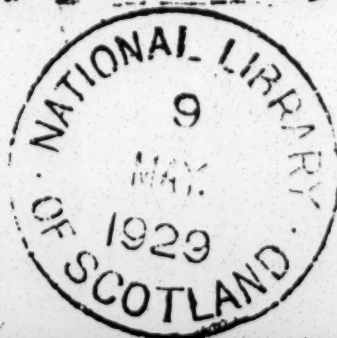
The First, faithfully Translated out of the Original Ersh, by *Alister Mackfaddock*, Principall of the Colledge of *Laganachadrum*: The Other, out of the old Saxon, by *Gastavus Gans*, Dreel-master of *Buxstihow*.

The Third of
Quean GUINIVERE, that
was principall Gigot, and dry Nurse, to Sir
Lancelot du Lake; He that was the great Avenger
of the Injuries done to crackt Chamber-maids.

Amsterdam, Printed by *Jaacim Nosche*,
Anno DOM. 1665.

The Publisher to the Reader.

Thir Propheſies are apted to the Elevations of your Underſtandings, much better than he that wrote the Scouts of Cockeny : Yet the Cockeny way is no new thing; for many are of opinion that D. Rablais Garagantua and Pantagruel was to typiſie, that the late Covenant ſhould bulge out from the ribs of the French League : Neither is it much out of purpoſe, conſidering the inſatiability of their Maws, and how many thouſands each of them had devoured. Some Pedants again are of the mind, that the great Conteſt of Berkles, Poliarchus and Archombrotus was not the Kingdom of France in the Perſon of Argenis, but who ſhould be Profeſſor of Rhetorick in the Colledge of Sorbon. Others again will needs have Sydneys bloody Combats of Muſidorus and Pyrocles againſt Amphiolus and Anaxius, to be grounded upon no other Quarrell, than who ſhould be Knight at the Parliament for Montgomery-ſhire; and that old Baſilius and Kallander were two Juſtices of the Peace in the County that took great delight in guzzelling nappy Ale. But they are highly miſtaken, that thought Zelman and Gynecia a couple of Hermophrodites. No, no. If their delights had been double, their paſſions had been mutuall : but of this no more. Only I tell you, as to thir Predictions, the weakeſt Nodle cannot miſſe in the ſenſe, ſince every one takes upon him to interpret Merlin and Thomas the Rymer. If you meet with any difficulty, it's but ſome night or other; Go and keep a Rendezvous with ſome Caſt-side Wives, who will clear you. Farewell,



THE



T H E
P R O P H E S I E
O F
G I L P I N E G I R N I G O .

IT shall fall out in those dayes, that the thieving and whoring Planets, *Venus* and *Mercury*, shall gender Comets and Meteors male and female, with as great facility as *Aberlady* sands cast up Skait bubbles: Then will the time be, that the Cods and Killing in the Northern seas will riot, in as great plenty, with the Harrigals of *Dutch Tarpalians*, as the Country Farmers do with stibble-Geese after the Coronation of their Corn-stacks; And the din Cow of *Denmark*, that should have lowed at the *Basse*, shall be sucked yell by the coast-side Witches of the *Firth*; And the black Bull of *Barrostownnesse* shall be gelt by a phanatick zeal, because his bellowing so much resembles the great Pipes of an Organ; And the Goat with the gilded Horn, that was sometime Valentine to a *Venetian Magnifico*, shall be gallanted by the black Ramme of the *Bonrock*, that swam the Loch of the *Loves*, and cured three hundred Ews of the Green-sicknesse; And at the crowing of the Cock of *Killimure*, the black Hens of *For-*
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far shall begin to keckle; When the blew Bores of *Buchan* begin to bristle, it will be hard to keep the Swine of the *Kers* of *Gowry* from briming; The Messengers of the Marquisat of *Minnibole* will summond the Haddocks of *Balantrae* before the Lords of the Session of *Glenape*, and charge them upon the account of spoilzie, for eating up the green beer that grew on the hanches of *Griven*; The Generation of the Clyd-side Saints, that were begotten upon the steam of Mackgibbons wine, shall persevere in their *Dutch* Devotions, among the sanctified Sister-hood of Clout the Kourches: The Ghosts of those Warriours that fell at *Flowdown* and *Bannockburn*, shall be invited to a Reconciliation-supper by that great subterranean Monarch King *Oberon*: The place is *Pentland Hills*; and to protect them from the night-air, the cloath is to be laid under a Dock-leaf: The entertainment is Spoon-meat, composed of the juice of Snails, and seasoned with the seed of the Fairn. Some three weeks, three dayes, and three minuts after, there shall be heard and seen many strange apparitions and threatning voices, mingled with sorrowfull shriekings, in and about *Arthur's Seat* and *Salisbury Craigs*: The Cyclops of *Culrosse* shall make such noise in foddering of Girdles, to arme the Curassiers for *Gladsmore*, that the Common-bell of *Edinburgh* shall scarcely be heard betwixt the *West India Tullip* and the *Crosse*. But the great expectations the World laid up for that bloudy and dreadfull day, shall be at a period, and the Society of Prophecy-mongers may dispose of their Brains for other Curiosities. Oh! but to think on the Drudgery that comes to the share of the little Poets, in making funerall Elegies, lamentable Ditties and Epitaphs, patcht up of as many peeces as was *Dametas Armour*, in memory of their slaughtered

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Haughtered Friends that are to peep on the *Lothian* Heath. But yet there's one comfort, Its agreed by articles, the Party overcome is obliged never to make war for the future; so that fierce and implacable quarrell, that has so long continued 'twixt the *Amazonian* Generations of *Heroinaes*, shall at length be decided: viz. The Eastern Vestals, that trade in white sand to scour the caps, against the Western Widows that deal in *Abercorn* Mussels. She that commands the sandy Militia, is *Letronia Attramenta*, daughter to a laborious School-master in *Musselburgh*: the other is *Barbary Bucky*, Relict to a *New-haven* Oyster-digger. What the event of the battell will be, the Author sayes, his *Mephostophiles* adviseth every body that's curious, to repair to the Magistrates of *Haddington*, the day after the fight, and there they will get sure information. Thus much for *Gilpine*.



The Prophecie of Sir *Tristram*.

When Stranger-stars shall piaff among the celestial Families, with feathered Mustachoes, and East *Friezland* beards and a brasse countenance, equall to a *French* Dancing-master, then shall the Wives of *Leith* be quit with the Husbands of *Corstorphine*, and the phanatick faction of *Calidonia* shall be so feeble, that there shall be none to countenance the villanous Act of the West-kirk, but a few drunken besotted Elders, who (if they had their due) should bestride the wooden Horse, with a Buff of Quart-stoups, and a brace of Pint-bottles
for

For Daid-rings. About the same time the pickled Herring in *Holland* shall be at twelve stevers a piece; and the Town of *Amsterdam*, in imitation of *Algiers*, shall court the great *Turks* friendship with a Tribute of Catamites fattened with butter, milk and black beans. Then shall the Prediction of *Sybilla Loytburnia* be fulfilled, *viç.* That when *Mahumet* is glewed to the stern of a Squab-skipper, the Whore of *Babel* will turn up to *Presbyter John*, who shall gender a race of Usurers, whose bounty will furnish the recusant Brethren with Ringo roots and Mondungoes: Providing still, they oblige their Bell-men, Readers and Beadles to conform, in regard they are members not capable of the Benevolence. In this 1665. the long Wars that was between the Pearling-weavers daughters of *Athens* and the Websters daughters of *Lacedemon* shall be decided by a Match at Stool-ball, in the fields of *Philippi*: and the vanquished Party is to pay a Tanzie-cake of the quantity of an ordinary Mill-stone. After that, they are, with a consort of Bag-pipes and *Stratdown* Trumps, to give a meeting, in the Plains of *Pharsalia*, to the Link-boyes of *London*; where, after they are wearied with dancing Le-valtoes and Pantelons, they will go to pairing, and beget such a race of Brats of both sexes, as will be sufficient to plant the Common-wealth of *Utopia*.

About the same time there will appear a Generation of Renegado stripling Pedants, who, after they have skaffed a little Philosophy among Forraign Universities, will return home, fraughted with as many lies, as will either slide them into some little prating employment, or furnish them bread and beef from old Wives, for retailing their Fables. So much for Sir *Tristram*.

Queen



Queen *Guinivers* Prophecy.

WHen *Saturn* peeps out of the Clouds, and shews his bushy beard, then the *Mare-swine* of the Channel will be vapouring with *Dutch Caps*, and car-rowling with their *Brandee*; and, according to the custom of that Nation, after they are sottishly drunk, in imitation of these upon whom they are gnawing, they will go a whirling with their knives, by way of snedding and sneering, and make such noise in the Valleys of the Deeps, that *Neptune* will be forced to order his Life-guards of Sturgeon to go and chastise their intemperance. About which time the savvy Shepherdess, *Urania* of *Zealand*, will be reduced to gather Bait for the White-fishers of the *Texel*; and the *Belgick* Lyon shall be so contemptible, that she will scarcely be admitted in most parts of the World to officiate the duty of a Cattone for catching of myce. In these dayes there shall come a Greek Mountebank to *Calidonia*, and with him bring an *Antelope*, between whose horns shall be fixed a Swing, that will cure old Wives of the Rickets that's past sixty. Many more strange things; As, the Tinkers on *Tintotop* will match with the Black-smiths daughters of *Pickentillum*: And Count *de Corde* a *Muscovitter* shall marry the Countesse *Ragotsky*; and after they are largely intertained with Garlick-water by the Hospitall *Waywood* of *Walache*; they will, in quest of Honour, repair to the Dominions of *Chawfair* and *Sunnyside*, where the Prince of the Countrey will entrust the charge of his Male-fleet to the Count,

and

and that of the Females to his Lady. The Court of Admiralty on these parts is managed by a Brotherhood of B. B. that, for all generous and requisite qualifications, they much transcend the Confraternity of the *Rosy Crucians*.

In the north part of *Albany*, the renowned City of *Bonaccord* from hence shall never have Spits and Raxes imprisoned, during the holy dayes of *Christmasse*: For he that had his head situate in a Cambrick web (like a plotted Hogs snout in a large plait) will be removed; and the horns of these that were of his Tribe, will be so tarred, that there will be no danger from their pushing: And both the Men and Women of them that are left (even *Tam Trampit* and his wife) will despise their conversation. And if any of them, in a fit of diffidence, minde to skip into the Hot-house of Eternity, there will still be found *Kilmarnock* Edges, and seldome Cany Sweet-pots wants water.

FINIS.
